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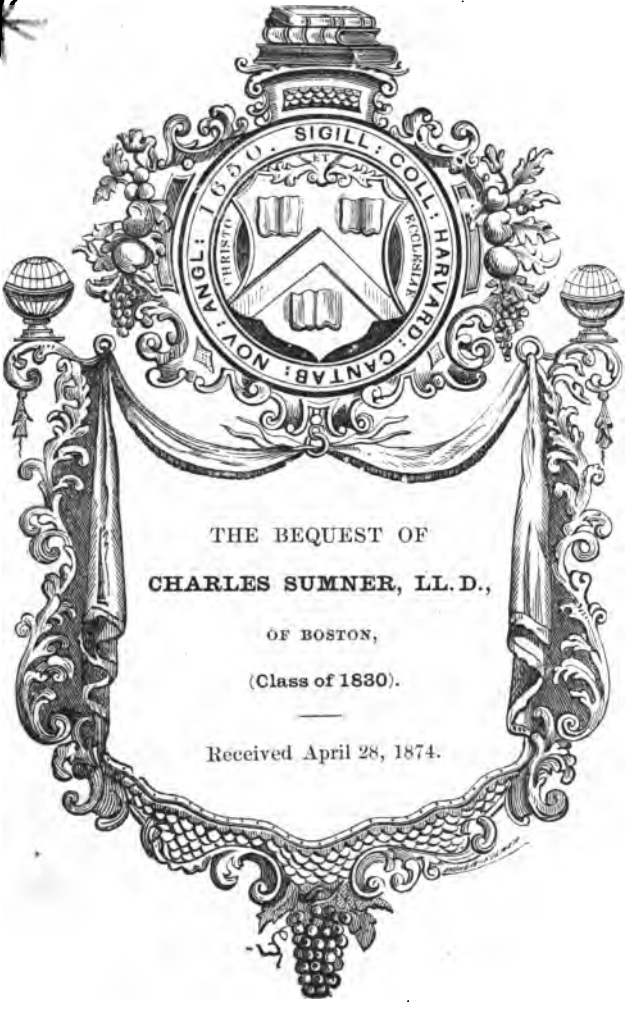

THE BEQUEST OF

CHARLES SUMNER, LL.D.,

OF BOSTON,

(Class of 1830).

Received April 28, 1874.

VERSE TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE GERMAN.

VERSE TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE GERMAN:

INCLUDING

Bürger's Lenore, Schiller's Song of the Bell,

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AND OTHER POEMS.

London:
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PREFACE.

The English admirers of German poetry cannot help requiring that translations of their favourite poems should unite several very various merits. The relation of the two languages and of their literature naturally suggests this expectation: for the languages have the same original stock, the same rhythm, in a great measure the same familiar constructions; and the modern German poets have caught their style and manner (except in their hexameters and elegiacs) from the same models as the English. No translation of a German poem into English quite satisfies us, which does not present to us all that the original contains, and no more, with a similar character of style, a similar movement of versification, and along with all this, a freedom of expression as complete as if it were not a translation, but an original.

These are severe requirements, and it is not hoped that they are attained in the following attempts: but that we cannot help looking for such translations, is a reason why new attempts of this kind may be received

with indulgence, though there may already exist in the language very meritorious translations of the same poems. It is, however, right to state that the attempts now printed were written principally before the author had seen other translations of the same poems, and in all cases without any reference to or recollection of the other translations.

I have added a few Notes, mainly referring to the history of the poems; they are in a great measure borrowed from Hoffmeister's *Life of Schiller*, and other sources.

I have inserted in the Notes several extracts from the poems here translated, in order that the German reader who does not happen to recollect the original poem, may have the opportunity of immediately seeing the degree of fidelity which the translations attain.

April 23, 1847.

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LEONORE.

From heavy dreams, sprung from her bed
Leonore at break of day—
"Oh, Wilhelm! art thou false or dead?
Thou bid'st so long away."
He went with Frederick's battle-might
To Prague, into that dreadful fight;
And news came none how he had fared,
Struck by a soldier's fate, or spared.

The Kaiser's Consort and the King,
With weary battling worn,
To thoughts of rest their hearts did bring,—
Bade times of peace return.
The hosts, with song and joyous hum,
With blare of trump and beat of drum,
Crowned with green boughs so gay,
Stream'd to their homes away.

And all abroad, all far and near,
On every road and lane,
Rushed old and young with cries of cheer,
To greet the homeward train.

"Thank God!"—the wives, the children cried;
"Welcome!"—sobb'd many a happy bride:
  But ah! for hapless Leonore
  Nor kiss nor bliss was there in store.

Along the marching line she sought
  For every name she knew,
Yet none was there who tidings brought
  Of all that moving crew.
And when the fruitless task was o'er,
In wo her raven hair she tore,
  And flung her earthwards there
  With gestures of despair.

Then to her ran her mother pale;
  "Have mercy, God!" she cried,—
"My darling child, what dost thou ail?"
  And strain'd her to her side.
"Oh mother, mother, wo is wo!
The world and all it holds may go!
  God has no mercy, none—
  All that I prize is gone."

"O help, God! help, nor quit us quite:
  Child, straightway say thy prayer;
What God does, that is always right:
  O God, in mercy spare!"
"O mother, idly argue ye;
He has not rightly done by me:
  What would my prayer avail?
  It cures not what I ail."

"O God, my child! He helps *his* child—
  Our Father there in heav'n;
And grief to soothe, however wild,
  His sacrament is given."
"Mother, no sacrament can heal
The bitter sorrow that I feel;
  No sacrament can gain
  The dead to life again."

"But, child, what if thy Wilhelm now
  In far off Hungary
Have cast aside his plighted vow
  For a new wedding tie?
Then let, child,—let his false heart go;
He never will be happy so:
  When soul and body part
  He'll rue his perjur'd heart."

"O mother, mother, wo is wo,
  And lost is lost for ever!
By death comes peace, and only so;
  O born had I been never!
Go out, go out, my bootless light!
Die, sink in black and endless night!
  God has no mercy, none—
  All that I prize is gone."

"O help, God! spare her—judge her not!
  Mild on thy daughter look!
She utters wild she knows not what:
  Write it not in thy book.

O child, forget thy earthly love,
And think on God and bliss above;
  And Heav'n shall crown thy vows
  With that celestial spouse."

"O mother, what is bliss above?
  O mother, what is hell?
'Tis bliss to be with him I love,
  To want him is my hell.
Go out, go out, my bootless light!
Die, sink in black and endless night!
  Without him, all below—
  And all above—is wo."

So through her brain, through heart and vein,
  Despair ran raging high;
She chid and strove with Providence,
  And in His face did fly.
She wrung her hands, she beat her breast,
Until the sun was gone to rest,
  And all the starry eyes
  Lookt from the solemn skies.

And hark without! 'tis trot, trot, trot;
  A horse-hoof clatters there,
And rattling off the horseman got,
  Just at the outer stair.
And hark! and hark! the entrance-bell
Rings ting, ting, ting,—she knows it well;
  And through the door's thick boards
  Come plain and clear the words:

"Holla! holla! my love, undo!
  What! are you wake or sleeping?
Do you love me as I love you?
  And are you glad or weeping?"
"Ah! Wilhelm, thou! so late at night:
O, I have watcht and wept outright,
  Tortured beyond my strength:
  Whence comest thou at length?"

"*We* saddle hard on midnight's sound,
  And from Bohemia's plain
I started late, and I am bound
  To take thee back again."
"Ah, Wilhelm! first come hither in;
The wind whirrs through the hawthorn keen;
  My arms with loving fold
  Shall warm thee from the cold."

"Let keen wind through the hawthorn whirr—
  Whirr, child! as whirr it may,
My charger paws, and clanks my spur,
  And here I may not stay.
Come, busk and bind, and spring behind,—
Here on my steed good room you'll find:
  A hundred miles to-night I fly,
  To reach the bed where we must lie."

"What, still a hundred miles to run
  Before our bed is found?
And hark! the eleven already gone,
  I hear the lingering sound."

"Tut! look abroad—the moon shines bright;
We and the dead ride fast by night,
  I bet my life our bed is won
  Before to-day is past and gone."

"But say, where is thy chamber, say,
  And what is the make of thy bed?"
"Small, still, and cool,—far, far away,—
  Six boards, and a foot and a head."
"Will it hold me?" "Room, room, thou'lt find.
Come, busk and bind, and spring behind;
  The guests our coming wait,
  And open is the gate."

She has girt her close, and up she hied
  Upon that steed behind,
And about her darling trooper's side
  Her white arms she did wind:
And away, and away! with tramp and clang,
In a headlong gallop along they sprang;
  And horse and rider blew,
  And sparks and splinters flew.

To the right and the left, as she might see,
  All fast as they could go,
Flew back road-side and hedge and tree,
  And each bridge rang hollow below.
"Do you fear, my dear? the moon shines bright:
Hurrah! the dead ride fast by night:
  Dost fear the dead?—not thou!"
  "No—but name them gently now."

But what is the noise of metal and voice,
  And of ravens over head?
'Tis the bell's ding dong; 'tis the funeral song—
  "To the dead we give the dead."
And now the burial train past by,
And bier and coffin they bore on high:
  The song was not like men,
  But the croakers of the fen.

"Ye can bury your dead with your wonted rite,
  When the midnight hour is o'er;
But I bear my young wife home to-night,
  Come on to my chamber-door;
Come, Sexton, come; come, Choir, along,
And tune your throats to my bridal song:
  Sir Priest, let the blessing be said,
  When we lay us down in our bed."

Still'd was the song—the bier was gone,
  And round the black train wheels;
And all came hurrying, hurrying on,
  Close to the horse's heels:
And away, and away! with tramp and clang,
In headlong gallop they onward sprang;
  And horse and rider blew,
  And sparks and splinters flew.

On the left and right, to the dazzled sight,
  Flew hill and dale and flood,—
Flew right and left, and left and right,
  Village and town and wood.

"Dost fear, my dear? the moon shines bright:
Hurrah! the dead ride fast by night:
Dost fear the dead?—not thou!"
"Ah, name them gently now!"

But see, see there!—'tis the place of doom,
And round the grisly wheel
A rabble rout in the moonlight loom,
And in airy circles reel.
"Thou rabble rout that there I see!
Come, wheel about and follow me:
Dance us a dance at our wedding,
When we come to the time of the bedding."

And whish, whish, whish,—the rabble rout
Come rustling close behind,
As when the dry leaves rustle about,
Whirl'd by the wintry wind.
And away, and away, with the clattering steed,
In headlong gallop along they speed;
And horse and rider blew,
And sparks and splinters flew.

And all that lay in the moonlight blue,
Just seen, was instant far;
And over head fast backward flew
The vault and every star.
"Dost fear, my dear? the moon shines bright:
Hurrah! the dead ride fast by night:
Dost fear the dead?—not thou!"
"O name them gently now!"

"List! list! is that the cock's crow there?
  Our sand is run e'en now:
Uft! uft! I scent the morning air;—
  Down from the saddle, thou!
Our race is run, our work is sped,
And here we find our wedding bed:
  The dead ride fast by night—
  We've reacht the place aright."

Lo! an iron gate! and against its grate
  With undrawn rein went they;
He toucht it with his whip, and straight
  Both bolts and bars gave way.
With griding jar it entrance gave,
And the way led on o'er many a grave;
  In the moonshine o'er the ground
  The grave-stones gleam'd around.

Ho! see him in an instant straight
  A horrid sight display,—
His harness moulders plate by plate,
  Like tinder-rags, away;
Before, behind, his locks are gone,
His head's a skull of naked bone;
  A skeleton in every limb,
  He glares with scythe and hour-glass grim.

The steed rear'd high, and snorted out,
  And breath'd with flaming breath,
And quick! 'twas vanisht into nought,
  Its rider's form beneath:

A howling came upon the gale,
And from below a dismal wail;
  Leonore, with heart and breath,
  Gasp'd between life and death.

And now beneath the moon's pale glance,
  Careering round and round,
The spectres wove their grisly dance,
  And howl'd their dismal sound:
"Learn patience, learn! whate'er betide,
Blame not thy God, nor with Him chide!
  Thou art freed from thy body's thrall,
  On thy soul may mercy fall!"

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

To the Racer's and the Poet's prize,
That, where Corinthus' temples rise,
Drew Grecian tribes from far and near,
Came Ibycus, to Phœbus dear.
To him the glorious gift of song
Apollo gave, and light he trod,
From Rhegium borne the waves along,
The Isthmian road, full of the god.

And now, where craggy ridges rise,
Acrocorinthus greets his eyes,
And, shuddering at the Power divine,
He treads Posidon's grove of pine.
'Tis still around, but above he sees
The order'd Cranes, in squadron grey,
Seeking the tepid southern breeze,
Travel companions of his way.

"Welcome, again, ye friendly band,
That with me left the sea-beat land;
I hail you for a happy sign,
A linked lot is yours and mine.
Drawn from afar by secret pow'rs,
In stranger's roof our rest we seek;
Some host of kindly heart be ours,
That guards the friendless and the weak."

And on with active foot he strains;
But when the middle wood he gains,
Two murderers, in the straitened way,
His onward progress sudden stay.
He must pass by force those foes so fell,
But weak in fight is the poet's hand—
To touch the lyre he knows right well,
But not to wield the battle brand.

On men and Gods for aid he calls;
On no kind ear his plaining falls:
His voice flies far and far around,
But there no living thing is found.
"And must I here deserted lie?
On foreign ground unpitied bleed?
By miscreant hands thus foully die,
And no avenger mark the deed?"

He sinks, deep-pierced, amid the grove;
The flying Cranes rush loud above:
He sees no more, but he hears them cry,
With wailing sound, in the middle sky.
"Do ye," he says, "ye Cranes, do ye,
If hope from other tongues be o'er,
Lift up the cry of blood for me."
He breathes his prayer—he breathes no more.

The naked corse is quickly found,
And, though deform'd by many a wound,
The friend, who thought his host to be,
Knew in the stiffen'd face 'twas he.

"And is it thus my friend I find,
When with the victor's wreath of pine
I hoped thy poet brows to bind,
All beaming with thy glory's shine!"

The news with sorrow pierces all
Who seek Posidon's festival;
A common loss all Grecia grieves,
Each breast a private pang receives:
And to the Prytane rolls the throng,
All fierce and loud, in vengeful mood,
And asks, to wreak the dead man's wrong
And soothe his shade, the murderer's blood.

But ah! what eye from all the host
That streams along the Isthmian coast
The splendour of the games to share,
Shall mark the dark assassin there?
Was it by robber hands he fell?
Or by some envious secret foe?
That, Helios alone can tell,
Whose beams illumine all below.

Perhaps the murderer fearless seeks
His way among assembled Greeks,
And thinks, while vengeance pines in vain,
With triumph of a rival slain:
Perhaps th' Immortals he defies,
E'en standing where their temples are,
And joins the swelling throng that hies
To fill the spacious Theatre.

For dense they gather, row on row,—
The solid structure groans below;
Assembled Greeks, from far and near,
Wait till the spectacle appear:
Hoarse murmuring, like the ocean deeps,
The floods of faces spread and rise,
In wider and in wider sweeps,
And slope up to the azure skies.

Who tells each people, names each name,
That to that festal meeting came?
From Athens' cliff, from Aulis' strand,
From Phocis, from the Spartan's land,
From Asia's coasts, that distant lie,
From all the Islands, came the throng;
And there, in circle wide and high,
They heard the solemn choral song.

The Chorus, solemn ancient rite,
Comes from the scene's recess to light;
With measured motion, grave and slow,
Around the Theatre they go.
No human air and tread are those!
No sisters they of mortal birth!
Their giant stature towering shows
No béings of this daily earth.

A sable pall each form enfolds,
And each in bony fingers holds
A torch, that burns a dusky red,
And bloodless every cheek, as dead;

And where round human foreheads fall
The curling locks with grace divine,
There hissing snakes and vipers crawl,
And poison-swollen serpents twine.

And forming now their awful ring,
Their Hymn, in ancient wont, they sing,
Of force to pierce the hardest breast,
The conscious sinner to arrest:
Bearing no lyre to join its strains,
The Furies' song forth pealing rolls,
To stun the sense, to thrill the veins,
To wither all the hearers' souls.

"Blest he, who, free from sinful blot,
Preserves his soul without a spot!
We may not cross his even course;
He holds his way in native force.
But wo to him, who, skreen'd from light,
Has darkly done the murderer's deed:
We—awful Children of the Night—
We cling and fasten to his tread.

"And would he fly, and shun us so?—
We follow, and our snakes we throw,
That twine his hasty foot around,
And dash him stumbling to the ground.
Unwearying thus we chase our prey—
Repentance changes not our will—
Down to the shades we urge his way,
And even there we hold him still."

They sang, and danced with solemn tread,
And silence, stillness of the dead,
Hung over all the Theatre,
As if the God himself were near.
With measured motion, grave and slow,
With rites from former days that come,
Around the Theatre they go,
And vanish in the hinder gloom.

In every breast a shudder grew;—
The spell was true, or seeming true;
All own in awe the righteous Power
That watches in the secret hour;
That, deep, inscrutable, unseen,
Still winds the thread of fate aright;
Is darkly known the heart within,
But shuns the glare of common light.

But in the highest row a word
Is sudden through the stillness heard:
"See there, see there, Timotheüs!
Those are the Cranes of Ibycus."
And lo! a darkness in the sky,
And o'er the Theatre below;
The creatures wing their way on high,—
The order'd Cranes in dusky row.

"Of Ibycus!" the name so dear,
Calls back the grief of all who hear;
And on it sounds from tongue to tongue,
Like waves the ocean path along.

"Of Ibycus! so mourn'd to-day,
Whose murd'rous death our country stains:
What, what of him! what would he say?
And what of yonder flight of Cranes?"

The cry grows loud; the dark surmise
From heart to heart like lightning flies:
Each marks the moment,—each man sees
The working of the Eumenides.
Lo! vengeance for the poet's shade!
The murderer is self-betrayed.
"Who spake the word? keep him in hold,
And him to whom the thing was told."

Fain would the wretch whose tongue had erred
Unsay th' irrevocable word:
In vain—his lips as ashes pale
Reveal the conscious, guilty tale.
The Judge ascends the justice-seat,
The Scene becomes the judgment-hall;
The Murderers own the sentence meet,
And feel the sword of vengeance fall.

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

"KNIGHT, a true-felt Sister's love
Owns my heart for you;
Ask me for no other love,
It pains me when you do.

"Calmly can I see you here;
Calm your going see;
And your silent bursting tear
But bewilders me."

And he hears with woe suppress't;—
Tears him thence by force;—
Clasps her wildly to his breast;—
Leaps upon his horse.

Sends to all his men of war
In the Switzers' land;
To the Holy Grave they fare,
They, the Red Cross band.

There are mighty actions done;
There his arm is strong;
There their crests are ever shown
'Mid the foremost throng.

And the Toggenburgher's name
Frights each Moslem chief:
Yet his woe is still the same,
Nor can find relief.

Now a painful year is over,
He no more can bear;
Rest nor peace can he discover,
And he leaves the war:

Sees a ship on Joppa's strand,
With its swelling sails;
Hies him to the much-lov'd land
Where *she* breathes the gales.

There at her tall Castle's bounds
Does the Pilgrim knock;—
Opes the door;—the answer sounds
Like the thunder's shock:

"She you seek the veil now wears,
Is the Bride of Heaven;
Yesterday with pomp and prayers
She to God was given."

Then he leaves, for aye and ever,
Towers, his father's pride;
At his weapons looks he never,
Nor his courser tried.

Down the Toggenburg's high stair
Goes unmarkt, unknown;

Sordid weeds and cloth of hair
Round his body thrown.

And he builds him soon a shed
Near that spot on earth,
Where, in limes embowerèd,
Look'd her Convent forth.

Waiting there from morning's rays
Till the eve came on,—
Silent hope in straining gaze,—
There he sat alone.

Lookt across the cloister's grove,
Stedfast, long, and hard,
To the window of his love,
Till the casememt jarr'd;—

Till the lovely form was shown;—
Till the dear-loved face
Bent into the valley down,
Mild, with angel grace.

Then he laid him down to rest,
Slept consoled, and fain
Hoped the morrow might be blest
With her look again.

Thus he sat for days and years
On the rock so hard,
Waiting with no plaints or tears,
Till the window jarr'd;—

Till the lovely form was shown;—
Till the dear-loved face
Bent into the valley down,
Mild, with angel grace.

And one morn, in that same place,
Sat a corpse all chill,
With its pale and stiffen'd face
Towards that window still.

THE DIVER.

"Who dares—what knight or what squire so bold—
  Into yon dark gulf to leap?
I fling in the pool a goblet of gold,
  And it vanishes into the whirling deep:
Who can shew that goblet again to my eyes
May have it and hold it, the Diver's Prize."

The King thus spoke—on the cliff sat he—
  And therewith he flung the bowl
From the mighty rock that o'erhung the sea
  Right into the whirlpool's angry howl:
"And who is so valiant, again I would know,
That goblet to bring from the depths below?"

And the Knights and the Squires, as they stood around,
  Kept still, and with awe-struck eyes
Lookt downwards into the gulf profound,
  And none will win the perilous prize:
And for the third time the King did say,
"Is no one so bold as to make the essay?"

And all was still and silent long,
  Till a gentle youth outbroke
From the line of the Squires' appalled throng,
  And loosed his girdle and doffed his cloke;

And every man and every dame
Admired as they gazed on his shapely frame.

And as he, treading the edge of the steep,
  Lookt down, there saw he plain
The floods, before drawn into the deep,
  Now fiercely welling up again;
And with thundering roar, and with furious hiss,
They boiling burst from the black abyss.

They seethe and they gush, they roar and they rush,
  As when fire and water strive;
The spray-cloud high leaps into the sky,
  And wave upon wave without end they drive;
And seems as nought could exhaust them or tame,—
As out of the sea a new sea came.

And when the wild uproar is laid,
  Black seen in the foamy swell
Is a yawning chasm in the flood displayed—
  A bottomless pit, like the mouth of hell;
And endless waters, waters follow,
Drawn down the slope of that whirling hollow.

And quick, ere again the waters spout,
  He utters a silent prayer—
A cry of horror runs all about,
  For the whirling pit has swallowed him there;
And the dark gulf shuts mysterious o'er
The valiant youth—he is seen no more.

And a stillness now on the waters lies,
  Though below hoarse murmurs swell;

And each man with faltering accents cries,
"High-hearted youth! farewell, farewell!"
And hollower, hollower grows the growl;—
And that awful pause chills every soul.

And didst thou fling thy crown in the sea,
And say "Who the crown brings here,
He shall wear it himself, and shall sovereign be,"
No lust had I for the prize too dear.
What is hid in the depths of that howling hell
No living soul may in safety tell.

Full many a ship in that pool's whirl cast
Has shot down the headlong surge,
And nought but shattered keel and mast
Did e'er from that greedy grave emerge:—
And like rising storms, still clearer and clearer,
That hollow growl comes nearer and nearer.

Waves seethe and they gush, they roar and they rush,
As when fire and water strive;
The spray-cloud high leaps into the sky,
And wave upon wave without end they drive;
Floods, upwards driven by floods that are under,
Boil up with a roar like distant thunder.

And see, in the billowy gulf below
Swan-white doth something swim!
And an arm and a neck from the waters show,
And it stoutly rows, that vigorous limb:

And see! it is he! in his hand with joy
He waves the goblet! the noble boy!

And a long and a deep breath breathed he,
  And saluted the day's bright face;
And each man cried to his neighbour, "See!
  He has 'scaped from the hold of the terrible place;
From a stormy grave in the water's strife
The valiant youth has redeem'd his life!"

He comes—they crowd in an eager ring—
  He sinks at the monarch's feet;
The goblet he kneeling holds to the King,
  Straight beckons the King to his daughter sweet;
And the sparkling wine brimfull she has shed,
And the youth then turned to the King and said:

"Long life to the King! and let each joy here
  In the light of day, who can;
For the realm below is a realm of fear,
  And to tempt the Gods is not well for man:
And ne'er, O ne'er! let him seek to know
What kindly they hide in that gloom below!

"I was downwards swept, like the lightning's course,
  But waters adverse surged
From the nether abyss with impetuous force;
  And, by counter-currents resistless urged,
Like a whirling ball I helpless span,
'Till my giddied brain to reel began.

"Then, by God's good grace, to whom I did cry
  From the depth of that watery tomb,

A rock from below towr'd up I might spy—
  That ridge I graspt, and escaped my doom:
There the cup from a branch, too, of coral depended,
That else to the bottomless deep had descended.

"For far, far down, that ridge beneath
  In the purple darkness there,
Though all to the ear was still as death,
  The eye might see, with shuddering fear,
How the hellish depth was alive with forms,
Of monstrous lizards, and dragons, and worms.

"And there were dark lumps of living things,
  All kneaded in balls and beds—
The Ray that stings, and the Polyp that clings,
  And fishes deformed with monstrous heads;
And with white teeth grinned from caverns dark
That water-hyena, the horrible Shark.

"And myself I knew, as I there did cling,
  Where no human help might go,
'Mid dreamy abortions the only thing,
  In that dreary waste, that could feel and know,
Where no sound of human speech might creep,
'Mid the voiceless brutes of the desolate deep.

"A Thing crawls towards me, slimy and cold,
  With a hundred jointed limbs:
It tries to clutch me—I quit my hold;
  For my brain with despair and terror swims:
And then the fierce whirlpool smote me and caught me,
Yet it saved my life, for it upward brought me."

The King he heard, and he marvell'd sore,
  And said, "Thou the goblet hast won;
This ring, too, I give thee, of price far more,
  Enriched with gems of the costliest stone,
If thou try once more, and tell unto me
What thou seest in the depths of the nethermost
    sea."

And the Daughter pitying heard, and said,
  With a soft persuasive tone,
"Be the perilous game no further play'd—
  He has done what man never yet has done:
If you cannot your heart's desire subdue,
Your Knights this Squire with shame may view."

Then the King quick took the goblet up,
  And into the gulf it kest:—
"And bring me again the golden cup,
  Thou shalt be of all my Knights the best,
And that Maid shall be thy bride to-day
E'en now who so tenderly for thee did pray."

Then his soul is filled with a mighty gush,
  His eye with a keen bright ray;—
He sees the Maid blush with a heavenly blush,
  He sees her whiten and faint away:—
He springs at the prize of the perilous strife,
And downwards he dashes for death or for life.

And they hear the deep mysterious moan
  The refluent tide foretell;

And anxious looks are downwards thrown,—
  And, waters on waters, they upwards well;
They upwards well, and they down retire,
But no tide brings back the hapless Squire.

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

Lo, the mould of well-burnt clay,
Firmly bedded in the ground!
And we cast our Bell to-day:
Workmates! ready stand around.
From brows that glow
The sweat must flow:
The work the Master's skill must prove,
But the blessing that crowns it comes from above.

To our work we bend our earnest force,
And the season suits for grave discourse:
'Mid converse sage while labour flies,
The task more light on the workman lies,
Then mark we with a careful mind
What our weak strength to being draws;
The trifler well contempt may find,
Who thinks not what his actions cause.
This is man's noblest, highest part,
And therefore came the gift of thought,
That he should ponder in his heart
That which his ready hand has wrought.

Bring the fuel clean and sound,
Well-dried piny logs and rods,
That the flame may, curling round,
Strike the soft'ning metal clods.
The copper seethes thick;—
Cast the tin in quick:
Make the mixed molten mass
Tough and clear, a perfect brass.

Dark and deep beneath the ground,
What with hand and fire we frame;
In the lofty belfry found
Will our doings soon proclaim:
It will through many a year's return,
Strike many an ear in future days;
'Twill solemn mourn with those that mourn,
And lend its sound to pray'r and praise.
All that to earth's frail sons below
Their changing destiny brings round,
This brazen disk can own and know,
And fling it far with pregnant sound.

Bubbles white arise each minute—
Good! the metal feels the heat:
Shed the fluxing kali in it!
So!—the fusion is complete.
Free the brazen broth
From the scum and froth;
That of metal clean and choice,
Clear and bright may be the voice.

For with festive clang it meets,
  Newly come, the baby guest;
Loud his early moments greets,
  While he lies on slumber's breast.
Still unseen his lots of fate,
  Black and white, in secret wait:
The mother's love, with tender care,
Watches his morn so bright and fair.
But swift as light the years fly past;—
Proud from the Girl the Boy must dart;
  To plunge in life his bosom burns,
A pilgrim he roams earth's every part,
  And a stranger back to his home returns.
And there before his startled eyes,
  In radiant virgin bloom arrayed,
Like some fair vision from the skies,
  Before him stands the blushing Maid.
Then nameless yearning fills his breast;
  In lonely paths he steals along;
Tears fill his eyes and break his rest;
  He shuns his brethren's noisy throng.
He follows, blushing, where she goes;
  Her greeting makes all nature smile;
He culls for her the fairest rose
  —To deck her bosom, all too vile!
O thoughts that thrill! O hopes that bless!
  O joys to first love only given!
The heart is drunk with happiness,
  The earth is brighten'd into heaven.
O that the time might endless prove,
That happy time of early love!

Changing colours creep across!
Dip the stick and lift it fast.
If it glazes with the dross,
All is ready—we must cast.
So!—right!—enough!
Let us try the stuff,
If they're mingled, soft and brittle,
As the sign should show the metal.

For when the Soft and Hard aright,
The Tender and the Strong, unite,
The tone is given good and true:
Then try, who makes a lasting union,
If heart with heart be in communion;
He soon may err—he long may rue.
Lo, the virgin's locks reveal
Bridal chaplets shining bright;
Marriage-bells with merry peal
To the jocund train invite.
Ah! that life's young joy is flown
With life's brightest festal day!
With the virgin veil and zone
Floats the early dream away.

Though Passion is fled,
Sure Love is not gone;
The Blossom is shed,
The Fruit must grow on.
The Man must go out
To the turmoil of life,
To labour and strife;

Must plant and must make,
Must catch and must take,
Must do and must dare,
To win him his share.
Then the stream of his havings flows in in full measure;
His granary fills with the quick-growing treasure;
His barns and his houses spread wider about.
And managing there
Is the virtuous wife,
The guardian mother;
She governs and guides,
For her children provides,
The damsels she schools,
The striplings she rules;
Her hands still are flying,
Right thriftily plying;
She adds to her having
By order and saving.
Her treasures the sweet-smelling coffers soon fill;
Quick twists the smooth thread as the spindle whirrs still;
She heaps in the press, that is polisht so bright,
The soft-tufted wool and the linen snow-white;
To the things that are good adds the show that is best,
And is never at rest.

And the Father, with eyes elate,
From his housetop looking wide around,
Reckons over his flourishing state;
His trees that lift in rows their heads,
His lofty barns and spacious sheds,

His granary fill'd with autumn's yield,
The wave that sweeps o'er the bending field;
And—the proud thought has birth,
Firm—as the solid earth,
Closed against Fortune's wrong,
Stands my house sure and strong.
—But the powers of Destiny
We may not by compact tie:
Ill comes on with rapid stride.

Good! the casting may begin;
Sharp and clean the samples break:
Yet ere we run the metal in,
One short prayer we reverent make.—
Pluck the plug from its cell!
God keep all well!—
Smoking to the gulf below
See! it shoots with quivering glow!

Right helpful is the power of flame,
While man may watch it, bind and tame;
And all he frames and shapes aright
He owes it to the Heavenly Might.
But awful is the Heavenly Might
When, burst its chain, it meets the sight,—
When on the path she, wilful, chose,
The uncheckt Child of Nature goes.
Wo! when, every bar it meets
Bursting down, and fierce and strong,
Spreading through the living streets,
Conflagration rolls along.

Elemental Forces spoil
Gladly, works of mortal toil:

From the gathered clouds
Gush blessings of rain
To water the grain;
From the gathered clouds alike
The lightnings strike.
Hark! from the steeple the rising moan!—
'Tis the fire-bell's tone!
Blood-red, lo!
Is the sky;—
That is not the morning's glow!
Hark the cry!
The town is awoke;
Up rolls the smoke;
Flickering flames are streaming high,
On from house to house they fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Hot as breath of furnace streams
Out the whirl-blast: crash the beams;
Timbers crack, and windows break,
Children wail, and mothers seek:
To and fro
Brutes whining go.
'Mid the ruin all is running,
Rushing, pushing, 'scaping, shunning:
The sky of the night is like broad day-light.
Through the line of busy hands,
Passing each man as he stands,

Runs the bucket: archt on high
Streams from straining engines fly.
—Then with a howl the storm comes on,
Seeking the flame with an eager groan;
Crackling into the well-dried grain,
In the lofty barn it rushes amain;
And then, as if with a strain it could tear
The load of the earth right into the air,
With a mighty gasp it soars on high,
And lifts its stature into the sky,
A giant form!
And man, poor worm!
The strength of the Gods no more withstands;
Hopeless he sees the works of his hands
Perish, inactive with fixed stare.

Black and bare
Lies the homstead there,
For prowling storms an open lair.
In the window-holes lurks horror grim,
And the sky and the clouds that across it swim
From above look in.

One look, the last,
At his treasures gone
The man must cast;—
Then he grasps his staff, and will still tread on.
Though the fire on his store its wrath may wreak,
He still has a source of peace and cheer;—
He counts the heads that he loves so dear,
And none of that number is now to seek.

Now to earth we give our Bell;
Full our hollow mould we fill:
Will it forth come right and well,
Guerdon of our toil and skill?
False cast we may make,—
Our mould may break.
Haply while we're hoping on
Something darkly wrong is gone.

To the dark breast of sacred earth
We give our work in trusting heed;
E'en so the Sower trusts his seed,
And hopes 'twill have another birth
In blessed time, by Heav'n decreed.
And yet more precious seeds in trust
With mourning hearts to earth we give;
And hope that from the coffin'd dust
They to a brighter bloom shall live.

Heavy, slow,
Hark the Bell
Tolls out
The Funeral Knell!
The solemn beats attend with measured pace,
A Pilgrim passing to his resting-place.

Ah! it is the cherisht Partner—
'Tis the dearly-loved Mother,
Whom the gloomy Power displaces
From her Husband's close embraces;
From the knot of children, whom
She had borne him in her bloom,—

Whom she saw around her rise
With a Mother's gladden'd eyes.
Ah! the tender household ties
  Burst and rent for ever fall;
Cold and still the Mother lies,
  She who knit and held them all.—
She no more, with watchful care,
  Now will tend and lead and guide;
In the orphan'd circle there
  Loveless will the stranger chide.

Now 'tis cast: and while it cools
  Each may freely take his ease—
Fold his arms and quit his tools,
  Play or rest him, as he please.
    When the night-star shows,
    The Journeyman knows
He may count his labour done;
But the Master must toil on.

Far in forest wild the wand'rer,
When the evening shade now thickens,
Towards his hearth his footstep quickens:
Flocks all bleating homeward stream—
    The sleek-sided,
Broad of forehead, hardy team
    Lowing come;
    Nodding home
Grides the lofty-loaded wain
    Piled with grain:

Red and green
Bright is seen
On the sheaf the garland lying;
And the youthful reaper band,
To the dance with transport flying,
Wheel hand in hand.
Silence creeps o'er street and market;
Round the candle's social flicker
All the house's inmates gather;
And the city gate shuts jarring.
Dark shades cover
Earth all over,
Yet the Burgher feels no fright;
For though night
Rouse the wretch who wakes for ill,
The eye of Justice watches still.

Sacred Order! child of Heav'n,—
Thou whose bond, in kindness given,
Like to like auspicious drew,—
Thou by whom the City grew,—
Thou who call'd from hill and glen
Thither, wild, unsocial men;
In their hovels took thy place,
To their manners gave thy grace,
And our dearest tie, the Love
Of our Country, complex wove!

Busy hands, by thousands plied,
Help each other, no one fails;

Bursting forth on every side,
  Every active power avails:
Safe in Freedom's sacred hold,
  Each is proud his place to know;
Man and Master, busy, bold,
  Shun no toil, and fear no foe;
Labour is the Burgher's grace,—
  Blessing waits on industry;
Kings are honour'd for their place,—
  For our skill and vigour we.
    O Concord sweet!
    O lovely Peace!
    Linger, linger,
Kindly o'er our city's walls!
  Never may the day appear
  When the rugged hordes of war
Thunder through this tranquil vale,—
    When the sky,
Where the tender blush is glowing
    Of the eve,
Shall, the wreck of cities showing,
  Fiercer stains receive.

Now break in the outer part,—
  It has served for all we need,—
That the admiring eye and heart
  On our handiwork may feed.
    Now!—smite with a sway,
    'Till the crust gives way.
That the Bell may meet the eye,
Must the mould in shatters lie.

The Master sage the mould may crush
  When he the fitting moment sees;
But wo! if with a fiery gush
  Itself the glowing metal frees.
Wild raging then it bursts its cell
  With lightning's glare and thunder's sound,
And, like a yawning gulf of hell,
  It vomits fiery ruin round.
Where brutish forces rampant storm,
We seek in vain the moulded form:
Themselves when nations fiercely free,
No blessing comes with Liberty.

Wo! when the veins of gather'd fire
  Beneath the social fabric lurk,
When peoples burst their chains in ire,
  And, fierce, their own wild wishes work!
Rebellion wakes the steeple's tone—
  The dismal tocsin sounds afar,
And, meant for works of peace alone,
  Lets slip the dogs of savage war.
"All free—all equal!" sounds aloud;
  The peaceful Burgher grasps his arms;
O'er street and market spreads the crowd;
  With Ruffian bands the city swarms.
Then woman an hyena shews—
  She sports with horrour, mocks at ruth,
And rends the hearts of murder'd foes,
  Still quiv'ring, with the panther's tooth.
Nought then is sacred;—every band
  Of shame and awe is cast away;

The good retire, the bad command,
And crime has free and open sway.
The tiger's tooth is sharp and fell,—
The lion chafed is hot for blood,—
But man whom civil strifes impel
Is deadlier than the wild beast's mood.
Wo, wo! to him who, fond, desires
To lend the blind the torch's rays;
It lights him not—it only fires,
And cities perish in the blaze.

God has made us prosper well!
See! like Hesper shining bright,
Smooth and polisht from its shell,
The brazen kernel comes to light:
Crown, rim, and all between,
Like the sunlight's sheen;
And the scutcheon, blazon'd fair,
Does the Maker's name declare
Come all—come away!
Workmates, form a banded ring;
Give the Bell its christening—
Be its name CONCORDIA.
To social joys, still graced with concord bland,
Let it unite the loving neighbour band.

Be this the lot of the form we have wrought,
And this the reward of the Master's thought:—
While far below we mortals roam,
She swings in the azure vault on high,

A neighbour of the thunder's home,
  A dweller near the starry sky.
From regions aloft she sends her voice,
  Like stars that, in harmonious spheres,
Still in their Maker's praise rejoice,
  And crown the ever-circling years.
Still sacred be her utterance deep
  To solemn and eternal things,—
While o'er her light pulsations sweep,
  From hour to hour, time's passing wings.
Herself a cold unfeeling mass,
  Let her on Fate a tongue bestow;
And swinging mark, as on they pass,
  The changing scenes of life below.
And as her clang, that loudly rings,
  Dies on the ear with failing tone,
So let her teach that earthly things
  Last not, but vanish and are gone.

And now by the rope, with a hearty strain,
  Out of her pit let us hoist her well—
Hoist her into her own domain,
  The air above, where the sound doth dwell.
    Pull, pull away—see!
    She stirs—swings free!
Now joy begin and discord cease—
Be her first peal a peal of PEACE!

THE FLOWERS.

Youthtime's children of the sun!
  Gems that stud the new-deckt earth!
Markt a course of joy to run—
  Nature's darlings from your birth!
Flora's fingers, rosy bright,
Streakt with many-colour'd light,
  All your folds of glossy skin;
Beauties! still your fate must grieve you—
Soul and thought she could not give you,
  And you are all dark within.

Lark and nightingale, ye blossoms,
  Sing to you their love-song sweet;
Toying sylphs upon your bosoms
  Court and kiss whene'er they meet.
Has not Venus shaped each petal
As a couch, where love may settle,
  Which his smiling head may press?
Still your case is sad and moving—
Hearts she gave you not for loving;
  So, no taste of happiness.

But—from Laura's sunny glances
When her Mother drives me far,—
When I send you, wove in fancies
Telling what my feelings are,—
Then, mute heralds of sweet sorrow!
Voice and souls and hearts you borrow;
These I shed in every cup:
And the Pow'r that rules all mortals,
Hid within your silken portals,
Gladly shrouds his Godhead up.

TO HIS FRIENDS.

FRIENDS, dear Friends! a brighter age has roll'd,
Fairer far than ours in days of old,
  And a nobler race has had its birth:
E'en were legends silent of their glory,
Many a speaking stone would tell their story
  Which we dig from out the lap of earth.
    But that favour'd race is past away—
  Vanisht from the surface of our ball:
    We are here—the day is ours to-day;
  We, we *live*,—and, living, we have all.

Friends, far happier zones are elsewhere spread
Than the cold and niggard land we tread,—
  So long-gone, far-wander'd travellers say:
But if *Nature's* bounties are not ours,
Art has for us rich and friendly powers,
  And our breast is cheered with *her* warm ray.
    If our laurels may not flourish long,—
  If the myrtle in our winter pines,—
    Yet our genial tree is green and strong,—
  We can crown our temples with our vines.

Men may boast of riches without measure,
Where four worlds exchange their gather'd treasure,

At the world's great mart, on Thames's strand:
Costly argosies arrive and go,
Bright and precious things are common show;
Gold, the God of Earth, rules all the land.
But 'tis not where rain-filled torrents streaming
Raise the turbid waters to their height,—
'Tis in silent brooks, serenely gleaming,
That the Sun of Heav'n reflects his light.

Nobler lodged than we 'neath northern skies,
At the "Gates of Heaven" the beggar lies;
For he sees Eternal, Only Rome;
Pomp and beauty to his eyes are given;
In the vault of Heav'n another Heaven
Rises o'er him—Peter's wondrous Dome.
But yet Rome, with all its pomp and splendour,
Is the Past's dark grave, and nothing more:
Life breathes only from the green and tender
Plants that spring calls out in verdant store.

Greater doings elsewhere may be found
Than we see within our little round:
Great or small, the sun sees nothing new;
All the greatest things that e'er have been
Pass before us in our Mimic Scene,
All disclose their meaning, calm and true.
Still is life a round of sameness ever;
Constant youth may Fancy only hold;
Only what has *nowhere* been and *never*,
That and *that* alone is never old.

THE GERMAN MUSE.

We had no Augustan age;
Medicean patronage
  Smil'd not on the German Muse:
Fame ne'er cheer'd her early hours—
She unfolded not her flow'rs
  In the sunshine Kings diffuse.

From her country's greatest son—
From great Fred'ric on the throne,
  She receiv'd nor grace nor aid:
Boldly may the German tell,
While his pulses higher swell,
  'Tis himself, himself has made.

Therefore glow with richer treasures,
Therefore sound in loftier measures,
  All the German poet's strains;
And in native feeling swelling,
From the heart's depths freely welling,
  Scorn the critics' servile claims.

THEKLA'S SONG.

The grove moans deep
To the wild blast's cry,
And black clouds sweep
O'er the angry sky;
The Maid sits and weeps where the night winds scream,
And heavily, heavily plashes the stream,—
And her eye is with woe overcast.

"The heart is broken,
The earth is void,
And each fond token
Of hope destroyed.
Thy child, O Father of Heaven, receive:
I have known the bliss that this earth can give;
I have lived, and have loved—it is past."

"All, all, unavailing
The tears that are shed,
And the bitterest wailing
Wakes not the cold dead:
But say what can soothe thee, or lessen thy grief
For the joys of thy love that are vanished so brief,
Thou shalt have it of heavenly grace."

"Though all unavailing
Be tears that are shed,
Though bitterest wailing
Wake not the cold dead,
The sweetest of soothing to lighten the grief,
For the joys of our love that are vanished so brief,
Are the tears that it leaves in their place."

CLARA'S SONG.

Gladness and sadness—
  Thoughts deeper than tears—
Yearnings and burnings
  That chill into fears—
Now giving shouts of joy,
  Now a death moan—
Happy and blest are the
  Loving alone!

JOY IN TEARS.

How is it that thou art so sad,
  When all so gay appears?
I see too plain upon thy brow
  Thou hast been shedding tears.
"And if I shed my lonely tears,
  I keep my grief apart;
My weeping hours are very sweet—
  They ease my loaded heart."

Thy joyous friends they shout to thee—
  Come to our friendly call:
And whatsoever thy loss has been,
  To us confide it all.
"Your joy is loud: you cannot feel
  The pang of peace destroyed;
No—I have nothing lost; and yet
  I feel an aching void."

Now rouse thyself and be a man:
  Thy blood is youthful still;
At years like thine, with heart and hand,
  Man wins whate'er he will.
"O no! 'tis what I cannot win;
  It is from me too far:
It hangs so high, it shines so bright,
  Like some peculiar star."

We see the stars, but seek them not:
  We joy us in their light;
And upward look with charmed glance
  On each serener night.
"I upward look with charmed glance,
  Entranc'd from day to day;
Then let me, while I yet can weep,
  Weep all my nights away."

DAY DREAMS.

'Mid the leaves so green, in a bower so cool,
I sat and gazed on a glassy pool,
And deep beneath the flowers smiled so:—
How blest could I be in that world below!

'Mid the parting boughs bright sky gleamed through,
And clouds sail'd slowly across the blue;
They hung so soft in the shiny sky:—
How blest could I be in that world on high!

Then near came *she*, with her angel look—
It was light as the sky, it was clear as the brook;
And a thought in my trembling heart had birth:—
How blest could I be in this world of earth!

THE TRAVELER'S EVENING SONG.

Lo! the fading gold of the west!
Darker and darker the purple unfolds its vest:
The earth is silent growing—
Louder the stream is flowing,
Lulling to rest.

See the last gleam dies in the west!
Still shades cover all things on earth's wide breast:
Serene and tender the feeling
Over the senses stealing,
Soothing to rest.

Under every covert is rest!
The branches quiver silently over the nest:
The birds all slumber securely;—
Wait awhile, wait awhile,—surely
Thou too shalt rest.

PUNCH LAY.

Elements four,
In their union and strife,
Make up the Universe,
Make up our Life.

Press from the citron
Its keen acid store:
Sour is the drop
At life's innermost core.

Next in the syrup
So sugary bring,
That which may sweeten
The deep acid sting.

Then the pure water dash
Into the bowl:
Water spreads calm around,
Swathing the whole.

Last the warm spirit drops
Shed in the glass:
Spirit alone can give
Life to the mass.

Ere the fine odour flies
Quick be it quafft:
In the first glow
Is the life of the draught.

RIDDLE.

I KNOW of a Bridge—it has pearls for brick—
  High over the watery ways;
It is built in a moment with skill so quick,
  And 'tis giddy so high to gaze;
For the tallest ship with her tallest mast
  May sail that arch below;
Yet never a man has over it past,
  And it flies if you toward it go.
When the flood comes, then the Bridge comes too;
  When the stream is dry, the Bridge is gone:
Now tell me where this Arch you view,
  And who is the Builder of such a one.

RIDDLE.

I KNOW of a Field, and a Flock that is there,
  And the Sheep are in thousands all silver white;
And where they are now, long ago they were,
  Ere the oldest man first saw the sight.

They never are prest by hunger or drought;
  They are washt till they shine both night and morn;
And a beautiful Shepherdess leads them about,
  With a beautiful bended silver horn.

At the golden gate she drives them in;
  She counts them over when night comes on:
Her rounds she a thousand times has been,
  And yet of her Sheep lost never a one.

A trusty Dog assists her care,—
  A stately Ram he leads the way:
Now what is the Field and the Flock, declare,
  And what is the name of the Shepherdess, say.

THE SPINNING MAIDEN'S CROSS.

Beneath Vienna's ancient wall
  Lie level plains of sand,
And there the pathway runs of all
  That seek the Holy Land.

And from the wall a little space,
  And by the trodden line,
Stands, seen from many a distant place,
  A tall and slender shrine.

It seems, so standing there alone,
  To those who come and go,
No pile of dull unconscious stone,
  But toucht with joy and woe;

Seems to the stranger on his way,
  A friend that forth hath set,
The parting moment to delay,
  And stands and lingers yet.

While to the long-gone traveller,
  Returning to his home,
It seems with doubtful greeting there
  Of joy or sorrow come.

Smiles have been there of beaming joy,
  And tears of bitter loss,
As friends have met and parted, by
  The Spinning Maiden's Cross.

For many have parted there and met,
  And many a year has run
Since Wenzel there met Margaret,
  Since Margaret there spun.

Young Margaret had the gentlest heart
  Of all the maidens there,
Nor ever fail'd her constant part
  Of daily toil and prayer.

But when the Sabbath-morn had smiled,
  And early prayer was o'er,
Then Marg'ret, gentle, still, and mild,
  Had happiness in store.

For then with Wenzel side by side
  In calm delight she stray'd,
Amid the Prater's flowery pride,
  Or in the Augarten's shade.

"Gretchen belovèd! Gretchen dear!
  Bright days we soon shall see;
My master, lord of Löwethier,
  Will link my lot with thee.

And there, upon the Kahlen's swell,
  Where distant Donau shines,

He gives a cot where we shall dwell,
  And tend his spreading vines."

Though joy through Margaret sent a thrill,
  And at her eyes ran o'er,
Few words she spoke for good or ill,
  Nor Wenzel needed more.

But when again the Sabbath-bell
  Had struck on Wenzel's ear,
A sadder tale had he to tell,
  And Margaret to hear,

"Gretchen beloved! Gretchen dear!
  Joy yet;—but patience now;
My master, lord of Löwethier,
  Hath bound him with a vow;

And he must to the Holy Land,
  Our Saviour's tomb to free;
And I and all his faithful band
  Must with him o'er the sea."

A swelling heart did Margaret press,
  But calm was she to view;
Meekly she bore her happiness,
  Her sorrow meekly too.

Her solitary Sabbaths brought
  A prayer, a patient sigh,
As on the Holy Land she thought,
  Where saints did live and die.

But from the Holy Land soon came,
  Returning pilgrims there,
And heavy tidings brought with them
  For Margaret's anxious ear.

For Wenzel is a captive made
  In Paynim dungeon cold,
And there must lie till ransom paid
  A hundred marks of gold.

Alas for Margaret! should she spin,
  And all her store be sold,
In one long year she scarce could win
  A single mark of gold.

Yet love can hope through good and ill,
  When other hope is gone;
Shall she who loves so well be still,
  And he in prison groan?

She felt within her inmost heart
  A strange bewilder'd swell,
Too soft to break with sudden start,
  Too gentle to rebel.

And what she hoped or thought to earn
  Poor Margaret never knew,
But on her distaff oft she'd turn
  A thoughtful, hopeful view.

And by the stone where last they met,
  Each day she took her stand;

And twirl'd the thread till daylight set,
  With unremitting hand.

Her little store upon the stone
  She spread to passers-by;
And oft they paused and gazed upon
  Her meek and mournful eye.

And e'en from those who had but few,
  Full oft a coin she won,
And faster far her treasure grew
  Than e'er her hopes had done.

But all in vain it grew, alas!
  Her destined ransom store;
For from the Holy Land there pass
  The travelers once more.

And when to her their news they said,
  All cheer and hope were gone;
For Wenzel is in prison dead,—
  His captive sorrows done.

Then on her face what woe was set!
  Yet still she spun and spun,
As if her hands could not forget
  The work they had begun.

And still beside th' accustom'd stone
  Each day she took her stand,
And twirl'd the thread till day was done,
  With unremitting hand.

Through shine and rain, through heat and snow,
  Her daily task she plied;
And wrought for two long twelvemonths so,
  And then she gently died.

They took the treasure she had won,
  Full many a varied coin,
And o'er the stone where she had spun,
  They raised that shapely shrine.

And still Vienna's maids recall
  Her meekly suffer'd loss,
And point the fane beneath the wall—
  THE SPINNING MAIDEN'S CROSS.

NOTES.

LEONORE.

There have been several English translations of Bürger's "Lenore." The two best known, that of William Taylor and that of Sir Walter Scott, are both imitations much more than translations. In both these, the writers have been led to make very large changes in the geography of the story by the temptation of introducing the lines

> "Tramp, tramp, across the land they go,
> Splash, splash, across the sea;"

which recur in the place of Bürger's

> "Und hurre, hurre, hop, hop, hop!
> Ging's fort in sausendem Galopp,
> Dass Ross und Reiter schnoben
> Und Kies und Funken stoben."

All the changes made by these writers appear to me to disguise and deform the features of Bürger's poem. In the original, the palpably supernatural is not introduced till the end. There is nothing of riding over the sea; nor of riding a *thousand* miles "to-night," as Mr. Taylor puts it; nor of her springing upon the horse "all in her sarke there as she lay."

The catastrophe of the story was, on its first narration, felt as very thrilling. It is related that when one of Bürger's original auditors, Count Stolberg, heard the stanza which begins "Lo, an iron gate!"

> "Rasch auf ein eisern Gitternthor
> Ging's mit verhänghem Zügel
> Mit schwanker Gert' ein schlag davor
> Zersprengte Schloss und Riegel.
> Die Flügel flogen klirrend auf,
> Und uber Gräber ging der lauf,
> Es blinkten Leichensteine
> Rund um in Mondenscheine;"—

"he started from his seat in an agony of rapturous terror." But the image at the end, the skeleton with his scythe and hour-glass, appears to me too traditional, definite, and familiar, to be in unison with the stranger and vaguer forms of horror which the rest of the ballad gathers round the heroine.

Mr. Taylor has noticed an English ballad, called "The Suffolk Miracle," as bearing some resemblance to "Lenore" in its story. In this ballad, the lover, who had died though his mistress knew it not, comes to her in the middle of the night, and takes her away behind him on his horse, to her own home, from a distant place, whither she had been removed:

> "When she was got her love behind,
> They pass'd as swift as any wind,
> That in two hours, or little more,
> He brought her to her father's door:

But as they did this great haste make,
He did complain his head did ake;
Her handkerchief she then took out,
And ty'd the same his head about;
And unto him she thus did say,
'Thou art as cold as any clay.' "

He leaves her; and she tells her friends who had brought her home, at which information they are horrified. They examine the man's grave,

"And tho' he had a month been dead,
The handkerchief was round his head."

But the moral of the English story is quite different from that of the German one. It is not rebellion against Providence which incurs punishment, but the separation of lovers by hard-hearted fathers: for this had been the cause of the youth's death. "Part not true love, you rich men, then."

The description in the 18th stanza—

"Sechs Bretter und zwei Brettchen;"
Six boards and two little boards,—

applies to a German, though not to an English coffin.

This translation was executed long before the publication of Miss Cameron's version, which is closer than any other which I have seen. I have tried to imitate the movement of Bürger's lines more exactly than Miss Cameron's form of verse allowed her to do.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

THE story on which this Ballad is founded occurs in different forms in ancient authors. According to Suidas, Ibycus the son of Phytius, of Rhegium, was attacked by robbers in a desert place, and while the men were murdering him, declared that the Cranes, then flying over head, should be his avengers. One of the murderers being in the city, and seeing Cranes, exclaimed, "See there the avengers of Ibycus!" This was heard by a bystander, the meaning of the words was inquired into, and the robbers confessed their crime. According to an Epigram of Antipator Sidonius, in the Greek Anthology, Ibycus was murdered on the lonely shore, and the murderer was detected in Sosyphus' Land, that is, Corinth. Plutarch, in his *Discourse on Talkativeness* (c. xiv.), says:—As the murderers of Ibycus sat in the theatre, and the Cranes came past, they laughingly whispered to one another, "Those are the avengers of Ibycus!" Those who sat near heard this; and as Ibycus had disappeared a long time before, and had been sought in vain, they were struck by the words, and reported them to the authorities. And on this, being convicted, they were put to death, being brought to punishment by their own garrulity, which, like an Erinnys, or Goddess of Vengeance, compelled them to disclose their crime.

The correspondence between Schiller and Göthe discloses to us Schiller's own views with regard to some features in the structure of this poem. The Song of the Furies, which moves the audience so deeply, does not

touch the soul of the murderer. "That," says Schiller, "is not my meaning. The song only reminds him of the fact, and of the attendant circumstances. His attention is struck, and accordingly, the appearance of the Cranes at this moment surprizes him. He is a coarse, stupid creature, upon whom the impression of the moment has complete sway. His exclaiming aloud is, under these circumstances, natural." It was at the suggestion of Göthe (who had himself contemplated writing a poem on this subject) that the Cranes were associated with Ibycus before the murder. Schiller replies gratefully and gladly to this suggestion. "Here again on this occasion I feel strongly how much a living acquaintance with nature helps us, even in invention. To me the Cranes of Ibycus are known only from a few comparisons to which they have given occasion; and this defect made me overlook the fine use which may be made of the natural phenomenon. I will try to give greater breadth and importance to these Cranes, which are to be the heroes of the story." Göthe proposed that the wondering exclamation of the murderer should only be heard by the circle of persons in his immediate neighbourhood (as in Plutarch's story). But to this Schiller replied, that if he represented the movement as beginning in one part of the audience, and communicating itself gradually, with the occasion of it, to the whole, he would have to burthen himself with an uninteresting detail which would weaken the effect and distract the attention;—that as soon as the clue to the discovery of the murderer is caught, the ballad is over. He adds: "As I suppose the murderer to sit in the highest row, where the place for the common people was, he can, in the first place, see the

Cranes sooner, before they are over the middle of the theatre. And thus I gain this point:—that the exclamation may occur before the appearance of the Cranes, which is very material, and in this way the actual appearance of them becomes more impressive. And in the next place, I gain another point:—that the man, exclaiming from above, can be better heard: for, under the circumstances, it is not improbable that the whole house can hear his exclamation, even if all do not catch his words,"—the theatre being at the moment hushed into a deep silence.

The introduction of the Chorus of the Avenging Furies is entirely Schiller's own act; most of the features of their Hymn being taken from a chorus in the Eumenides of Æschylus. This element of the plan, by its effect, gives quite a new aspect to the story. The impossibility of excluding this element after it had once been admitted, appears to have been a reason why Göthe gave up his design of working the same tale into a poem. He would not attempt to vie with Schiller in the management of the Chorus; and "now that this turn is once invented," he writes, "the narrative cannot be conducted without it: and if I were to go on with my design, I must necessarily adopt this Chorus."

The English reader will collect from the context in the eighth stanza, even if he do not otherwise know it, that the "Prytane" is the magistrate.

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

"The Knight of Toggenburg," as well as the other two Ballads here given, was among the products of Schiller's "Ballad-year," 1797. A similar story is told of Nonnenwerth and Rolandseck on the Rhine; but Schiller's groundwork is said to have been a Tyrolese legend. The scene was laid in the Nunnery of Wolkenviegt, where the Damsel, who had at an early age vowed herself to the Saviour, took the veil during the absence of the Knight. Wolkenviegt is near Wolkenstein, and the Knight of Toggenburg was gone into the Holy Land with the Knight of Wolkenstein, his kinsman.

THE DIVER.

This ballad is founded upon the well-known account of "Nicolas the Fish," which is related by Kircher, in his book *On the Subterraneous World:* or rather, the old narrative supplies features and events which are wrought up into a new story. Pesce Cola, Fish Nicolas, lived, says Kircher, in the time of Frederic King of Sicily, and had a wonderful power of swimming and diving. He sometimes staid four or five days in the sea, living on raw fish, and more than once swam to the Lipari isles. When King Frederic came to Messina, he sent for Pesce Cola, and, in order to induce him to explain the whirlpool Charybdis, he

threw a golden cup into the vortex, which Cola dived after and brought back in three-quarters of an hour. His account of what he saw in the gulf has evident resemblances to Schiller's ballad. In his case, too, the cup had lodged on a shelf of rock; and he related that the sea which lies below offers a "cimmerian" darkness to the eye, like Schiller's "purpurne Finsterniss." In rocky dens are Polyps, with a body as large as that of a man and arms ten feet long, whose grasp would be fatal; and there is the Shark, the sea-dog ("vulgo *pesce Cane*") with three rows of teeth, sharper than any scimitar. Cola at first refused to make another attempt to reach the bottom of Charybdis; but being overcome by the promise of a purse of gold, he again leapt in, and was never seen more.

But Schiller also had recourse to other quarters for his monsters of the deep. In his correspondence with Göthe, it appears that he made the details of this ballad a subject of careful study. There is mention of two "Fish books" which Göthe begs to have returned to him. Certainly this part of the description is a fine example of technical terms and details combined in a poetical manner. The two stanzas which begin in the translation, "For far, far down," stand thus in the original:

"Denn unter mir lag's noch bergetief,
In purpurner Finsterniss da,
Und ob's hier dem Ohre gleich ewig schlief,
Das Auge mit Schaudern hinunter sah,
Wie's von Salamandern und Molchen und Drachen
Sich regt' in dem furchtbaren Höllenrachen.

"Schwarz wimmelten da, in grausem Gemisch,
Zu scheusslichen Klumpen geballt,

Der stachlichte Roche, der Klippenfisch,
Des Hammers gräuliche Ungestalt,
Und dräuend wies mir die grimmigen Zähne
Der entsetzliche Hay, des Meeres Hyäne."

I have not ventured, as Schiller has done, to mention the Hammer fish by name.

The description of the turmoil of the water is also noticed in the correspondence with reference to the stanza, "Waves seethe and they gush,"—

"Und es wallet und siedet und brauset und zischt,
Wie wenn Wasser mit Feuer sich mengt,
Bis zum Himmel spritzet der dampfende Gischt,
Und Flut auf Flut sich ohn' Ende drängt,
Und will sich nimmer erschöpfen und leeren,
Als wollte das Meer noch ein Meer gebären."

Göthe wrote to Schiller, "I had almost forgotten to tell you that the verse, 'Und es wallet und siedet und brauset und zischt,' is admirably justified in the Fall of the Rhine: I was struck to see how it includes the leading features of that gigantic object. I tried on the spot to analyze and comprehend the phenomenon and the ideas which it excites. You will one day see how these few poetical lines run like a guiding thread through this labryinth." Schiller answered: "It rejoices me not a little that according to your observation my description of the whirlpool agrees with the phenomenon. I have never had the opportunity of studying this part of nature, except in a mill-race; but I had studied Homer's description of Charybdis very carefully, and this perhaps kept me true to

nature." Schiller has certainly followed Homer very closely. The following is Cowper's translation of the passage:—

"Charybdis there
With hoarse throat deep absorb'd the living flood.
Oft as she vomited the deluge forth,
Like waters cauldron'd o'er a furious fire
The whirling Deep all murmur'd, and the spray
On both those rocky summits fell in showers.
But when she suck'd the salt wave down again,
Then, all the pool appear'd whirling about
Within, the rock rebellow'd, and the sea
Drawn off into that gulf disclos'd to view
The oozy bottom."

The motives of Schiller's hero are Honour and Love, and thus the interest is of a far higher kind than it is in the original narrative of Nicolas. Nor is there any resemblance in the characters of the two Divers. Nicolas owed his power to physical endowments, and was a rude creature, hardly quite human. He had immense lungs, which could contain air for a whole day, and webs between his fingers. The Squire is slight in form, gentle though bold, "sanft und keck;" and though spurred on by the love of honour, yet is he, when the first burst of daring is over, moved to extreme fear by the terrors of the sea. We perceive this by his description of what he saw; by his prayer while in the gulf; and by his quitting his hold of the coral reef in an agony of fright at the supposed approach of some undefined "Thing;"—"Es;"

"Und schaudernd dacht ich's, da kroch's heran;"

and finally, by his declaring that it is impious to attempt to know what the Gods hide in that gloom below.

Some of Schiller's admirers think the character of the King too savage. Certainly his unrelenting will gives a tragic character to the ballad: but this is not at all inconsistent with its poetical character.

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

SCHILLER revolved the plan of this poem long in his mind before he executed it. The poem was written in 1799: but he had begun to think of it in 1788; which was for Schiller himself "the happy time of early love," when he was first acquainted with Charlotte von Lengefeld, who afterwards became his wife. Madam von Wolzogen, his early friend, says, "Schiller long brooded over this poem, and spoke of it as something which he expected to make very impressive. During his residence at Rudolstadt," where the von Lengefelds lived, "he often walked to a bell-foundry outside the town, to get a clear notion of the process." In 1797, he seriously applied himself to the subject. He writes, "I have now set about my Bell-founding, and since yesterday (July 6th) have been studying Krünitzen's *Encyclopædia,* where I find much that is useful. I have this poem much at heart; but it will cost me several weeks: for I must have different parts executed in different moods, and a great mass of material is to be reduced to shape." But he could not find the *mood* or the time; and on the 30th of August he complains that the

Bell is not yet cast. The next year he again hoped to complete it. He thought that this might prove a "Song-year," as the former had been a Ballad-year. He says, "Since I have carried this object about with me for a year, and have kept it warm, the poem may get well ripened: and in truth, it is not a slight matter." Göthe, who had always something cheerful to say, replied that the Bell must sound all the better, on account of the metal having been long kept in fusion, and the slag rejected. But in this year (1798) Wallenstein was in the way, and the Bell was reserved for 1799. In this year he travelled to Rudolstadt, and perhaps the scene in which he had first formed the plan of the poem, and the foundry there, fixed his purpose and put him in the proper mood for its execution.

Schiller places at the head of his poem a Latin motto, which, as he had learnt from Krünitzen's *Encyclopædia*, is not uncommonly placed upon bells; as for instance, on the great bell in the Cathedral at Schaffhausen:

"Vivos voco, mortuos plango, fulgura frango."

But this inscription does not indicate the course of the poem very exactly; for it omits Birth, Marriage, Peace, and Insurrection, as occasions on which the Bell is used, and refers ("fulgura frango") to a belief that the Bell was a protection from lightning, which the poem contradicts. Nor does the poem notice the use of the Bell for the general purposes of public worship, which is implied in "vivos voco." Retzsch indeed refers this phrase to the ceremony of christening; but this notion is, I think, obviously an oversight, arising from a too ready belief that the motto was applicable to the parts of the poem in detail.

Both the trains of thought which the poem pursues, the stages of the life of individual man, and the great movements of human society, are here presented in a manner which strongly reminds us of other poems of Schiller. Thus the passage on the separation and reunion of the youth of the two sexes, has its parallel in the elegiac poem called "The Sexes," in which their separation, opposition of character, mutual shyness and mutual longing, are described with great beauty. A few lines of the latter part may be here given from a lately published translation:—

"What calls deep-drawn sighs from the swelling breast of the maiden?
Thou—youth—why do thine eyes tremble through gathering tears?
Ah! she seeks in vain where her soft embrace may support her,
And the full-swelling fruit weighs down the burthened bough.
Restless struggles the youth consumed with conscious ardours,
Ah! no cooling gales temper the perilous glow.
See—there each finds each—'tis Love who brings them together," &c.

I will add the original of this part of the Bell, beginning at the passage, "Proud from the girl the boy must part:"

"Vom Mädchen reisst sich stolz der Knabe,
Er stürmt ins Leben wild hinaus,
Durchmisst die Welt am Wanderstabe,
Fremd kehrt er heim ins Vaterhaus,

Und herrlich, in der Jugend Prangen,
Wie ein Gebild aus Himmels Höh'n,
Mit züchtigen, verschämten Wangen
Sieht er die Jungfrau vor sich stehn.
Da fasst ein namenloses Sehnen
Des Jünglings Herz, er irrt allein,
Aus seinen Augen brechen Thränen,
Er flieht der Brüder wilden Reih'n,
Erröthend folgt er ihren Spuren,
Und ist von ihrem Gruss beglückt,
Das Schönste sucht er auf den Fluren,
Womit er seine Liebe schmückt.
O! zarte Sehnsucht, süsses Hoffen,
Der ersten Liebe goldne Zeit,
Das Auge sieht den Himmel offen,
Es schwelgt das Herz in Seligkeit.
O! dass sie ewig grünen bliebe
Die schöne Zeit der jungen Liebe!"

The origin and progress of civil society with its various relations and employments is a favourite theme of Schiller's poetry, and is treated with great beauty in others of his poems as well as this. I will insert the original of the passage in which the growth of the Spirit of Patriotism, and the connexion of the Arts with Liberty, are referred to:

"Sacred Order! Child of Heaven," &c.

"Heil'ge Ordnung, segenreiche
Himmelstochter, die das Gleiche
Frei und leicht und freudig bindet,
Die der Städte Bau gegründet,
Die herein von den Gefilden
Rief den ungesell'gen Wilden,

Eintrat in der Menschen Hütten,
Sie gewöhnt zu sanften Sitten,
Und das theuerste der Bande
Wob, den Trieb zum Vaterlande!

"Tausend fleiss'ge Hände regen,
Helfen sich in munterm Bund
Und in feurigem Bewegen
Werden alle Kräfte kund.
Meister rührt sich und Geselle
In der Freiheit heil'gem Schutz.
Jeder freut sich seiner Stelle,
Bietet dem Verächter Trutz.
Arbeit ist des Bürgers Zierde,
Segen ist der Mühe Preis,
Ehrt den König seine Würde,
Ehret uns der Hände Fleiss."

This is nobly expanded in "The Walk," of which I will quote some lines:

"Man pressed closer to Man, finds his being concentred, his feelings
Broader awake. His world rolls in a swifter career.
There in contention fierce blaze forth antagonist powers,
Great, opposed in their strife—greater in union linked.
Linking a thousand hands in a single effort; a thousand
Hearts in a single pulse; thoughts in a single resolve;
Burning with patriot love, and with long ancestral devotion,
There on the hallowed spot where the loved ashes repose;
Where the immortal Gods their glorious temple have chosen,
Drawn by established rites down from their Heavenly abodes.

* * * * * *

Commerce awakes, by freedom inspired, by security nurtured;
Beckons the azure God, pleased, from the reeds of his stream.
Gashing, the broad axe flies—while the Dryad shrieks—and in ruin
Down from the mountain's brow, crashes the thundering tree."

* * * * * *

It is difficult to desist from quoting the beautiful lines which follow these. The like pictures of the progress of society, presented with its mythological images, are given in "The Eleusinian Festival," and other poems.

Another passage of "The Bell," to which we find a parallel in "The Walk," is the description of a Social Revolution, manifestly suggested by the events which had then recently taken place in France. I will quote the original passage of "The Bell."

"Wo! when the veins of gather'd fire," &c.

"Weh, wenn sich in dem Schoss der Städte
Der Feuerzunder still gehäuft,
Das Volk, zerreissend seine Kette,
Zur Eigenhilfe schrecklich greift!
Da zerret an der Glocke Strängen
Der Aufruhr, dass sie heulend schallt,
Und nur geweiht zu Friedensklängen
Die Losung anstimmt zur Gewalt.

Freiheit und Gleichheit! hört man schallen,
Der ruh'ge Bürger greift zur Wehr,

Die Strassen füllen sich, die Hallen,
Und Würgerbanden ziehn umher,
Da werden Weiber zu Hyänen
Und treiben mit Entseten Scherz,
Noch zuckend, mit des Panthers Zähnen,
Zerreissen sie des Feindes Herz.
Nichts Heiliges ist mehr, es lösen
Sich alle Bande frommer Scheu,
Der Gute räumt den Platz dem Bösen,
Und alle Laster walten frei.
Gefährlich ist's den Leu zu wecken,
Verderblich ist des Tigers Zahn,
Jedoch der schrecklichste der Schrecken
Das ist der Mensch in seinem Wahn.
Weh' denen, die dem Ewigblinden
Des Lichtes Himmelsfackel leihn!
Sie strahlt ihm nicht, sie kann nur zünden
Und äschert Städt' und Länder ein."

Compare with this the passage in "The Walk:"

"Years—aye, centuries long may the bloodless and impotent mummy
Fixed in deceptive guise, carry the semblance of life,
Until nature awakes—and with hand of iron unsparing,
Heavy with time and fate, shatters the hollow device.
Then, like the tiger at large, when burst are the bars of his prison,
And his Numidian wild rushes in blood on his thoughts,
Trampled humanity rises, in crime and in misery's madness;
And through the ashes of states, back to rude nature reverts."

We may observe, however, that the disbelief in popular revolutions which took possession of Schiller appears to have increased in the interval between the writing of these two poems. In 1795, the period of "The Walk," he dwells most strongly upon the corruption of states which gives rise to revolutions, and speaks, as we have just seen, of such events as periods when nature awakes, and with hand of iron unsparing, strong with time and fate, shatters the hollow device. In "The Bell," in 1799, he declares all such revolutions barren of good; and says that "Themselves when nations fiercely free, No blessing waits on liberty."

Hoffmeister relates that Kotzebue, soon after he came to Weimar, while Schiller and Göthe lived there, devised a grand representation of "The Bell," in honour of its author. The successive scenes of the Poem were to be represented in tableaux, and at the end, when the Master breaks the mould, there was to be discovered inside, not the shining bell, but the bust of Schiller. The main design of this device was to excite jealousy between the two great poets, who would not admit Kotzebue to their intimate society; but obstacles were thrown in the way of the execution, and the plot failed altogether.

I have printed in an especial type those stanzas of the poem which describe the steps of the technical process of casting the bell, and which have in the original a peculiar versification and rhythm. These strains come in at intervals, with something of the effect of the Chorus in an ancient drama; except that, in a certain degree, the relation of the subjects in the two parts is here inverted: for these stanzas represent the action which really goes on

upon the stage; and the rest of the poem, taking occasion from the facts of this action, presents a series of moral reflections, borrowed from the general aspect of human life and the common feelings of mankind. Retzsch, in his "Outlines" to "The Bell," has distinguished the scenes which he has drawn, corresponding to these portions, by including them in an oval.

This is one of the many happy turns of invention of that remarkable work, in which the difficulty of converting lyrical poetry into pictures is made a new source of beauty. A dramatic or epic poem may obviously be converted into a historical series of pictured scenes, because the principle of connexion of the parts is the order of time and action. But in lyrical poetry, the connexion of the parts is in the trains of thought; and all the human actions which are introduced are not parts of any natural or obvious sequence. Retzsch has overcome this difficulty by creating for himself a series of narrative poems, suggested each by a few words of Schiller. Thus the lines,

"Proud from the Girl the Boy must dart:—
To plunge in life his bosom burns,
A pilgrim he roams earth's every part,
And a stranger back to his home returns"—

are exhibited by a series of seven designs, of which the first represents a youthful incident in which the Boy and the Girl play their parts,—the planting of a rose-tree, which is afterwards to make a figure in a future part of the story:—then (2) the departure of the eager Boy from his family and friends:—then (3) a scene of the pilgrim's travels when, apparently, he first comes in view of the

Mediterranean:—then (4) another scene in which he is in the country of sledges, amid pine-forests strewn with the bones of previous travelers:—then (5) an Italian scene, in which he is in danger from banditti:—then (6) a scene in which he returns to the well-known chamber of his father and mother, who are now grown much older, and do not recognize their son in the stately and saddened man who stands before them; and then (7) the scene which follows, when the recognition has taken place. The next five designs continue the story, and represent with great beauty the successive events of a love-story, which stands in the place of Schiller's general description.

THE FLOWERS.

In the original form of this poem, as published in the Anthology (1782), it was entitled "My Flowers;" and the flowers were sent to the poet by his *Laura*: (not *Nanny*, as in the editions of his works: I have taken the liberty of resuming the original name). It was, on that supposition, more natural for the poet to speak of *her* touch as having given life and feeling to the flowers:

> "Then, mute heralds of sweet sorrow!
> Voice and hearts and souls you borrow;—
> These, *she* sheds in every cup."

But I suppose the poet thought it was more modest and graceful in Laura or Nanny to receive than to send such love-messages.

TO HIS FRIENDS.

THESE verses were addressed, in 1802, to the friends with whom Schiller was living at Weimar. Their common interest in the drama gave full significance to the concluding stanza.

THEKLA'S SONG.

THE first two stanzas of this song are sung by Thekla after parting with Max Piccolomini, in the first of Schiller's two tragedies on the story of "Wallenstein." (*Die Piccolomini*, Act III. sc. vii.) The latter two stanzas were added afterwards.

CLARA'S SONG.

IN the third act of Göthe's "Egmont," Clara, who thinks only of her lover, while her mother is speaking to her of another suitor, walks about the chamber, singing this strain:

"Freudvoll
Und leidvoll
Gedankenvoll seyn;
Langen
Und bangen
In schwebender Pein;

Himmelhoch jauchzend
Zum Tode betrübt;
Glücklich allein
Is die Seele die liebt."

The mother says, "Leave off that lullaby, lullaby:" ("Lass das Heyopopeyo.") "Ah!" cries Clara, "scold me not: that is a song which can do great things. I have often put a great child to sleep with that song." Soon after Egmont enters, and when he throws open his cloak, is seen to be clothed in the splendid dress of his rank. The scene has much resemblance to that between Leicester and Amy Robsart, in Scott's "Kenilworth."

THE TRAVELER'S EVENING SONG.

This is a translation of the German words which accompany a very pleasing musical air.

RIDDLES.

These Riddles are introduced in a dramatic composition, entitled "Turandot," which Schiller borrowed from Gozzi, and adapted to the stage at Weimar. The Princess, who is one of the principal characters, proposes these Riddles to her courtiers. Schiller not only changed the original Riddles (some of Gozzi's would have been difficult for a German audience to guess; for instance, the Adriatic

Lion,) but he also invented new Riddles every time the piece was acted. There are fifteen of these in the collection of his works.

THE SPINNING MAIDEN'S CROSS.

At a little distance outside the city of Vienna stands a Gothic cross of the architecture of the thirteenth century, resembling somewhat our Queen Elinor's Crosses, which is commonly called "Die Spinnerinn am Kreuz." This ballad, founded upon a legend connected with that monument, has already been published at least three times, and each time has been mutilated in such a manner as to render it unintelligible. I have therefore taken the present occasion of presenting it in a correct form. It has been published by Mr. Burns, in a volume entitled "Poems and Pictures," with some beautiful illustrations by Mr. Dyce.

The diminutive from Margaret, 'Gretchen, which occurs in the 11th and 15th stanzas, is familiar to a German ear.

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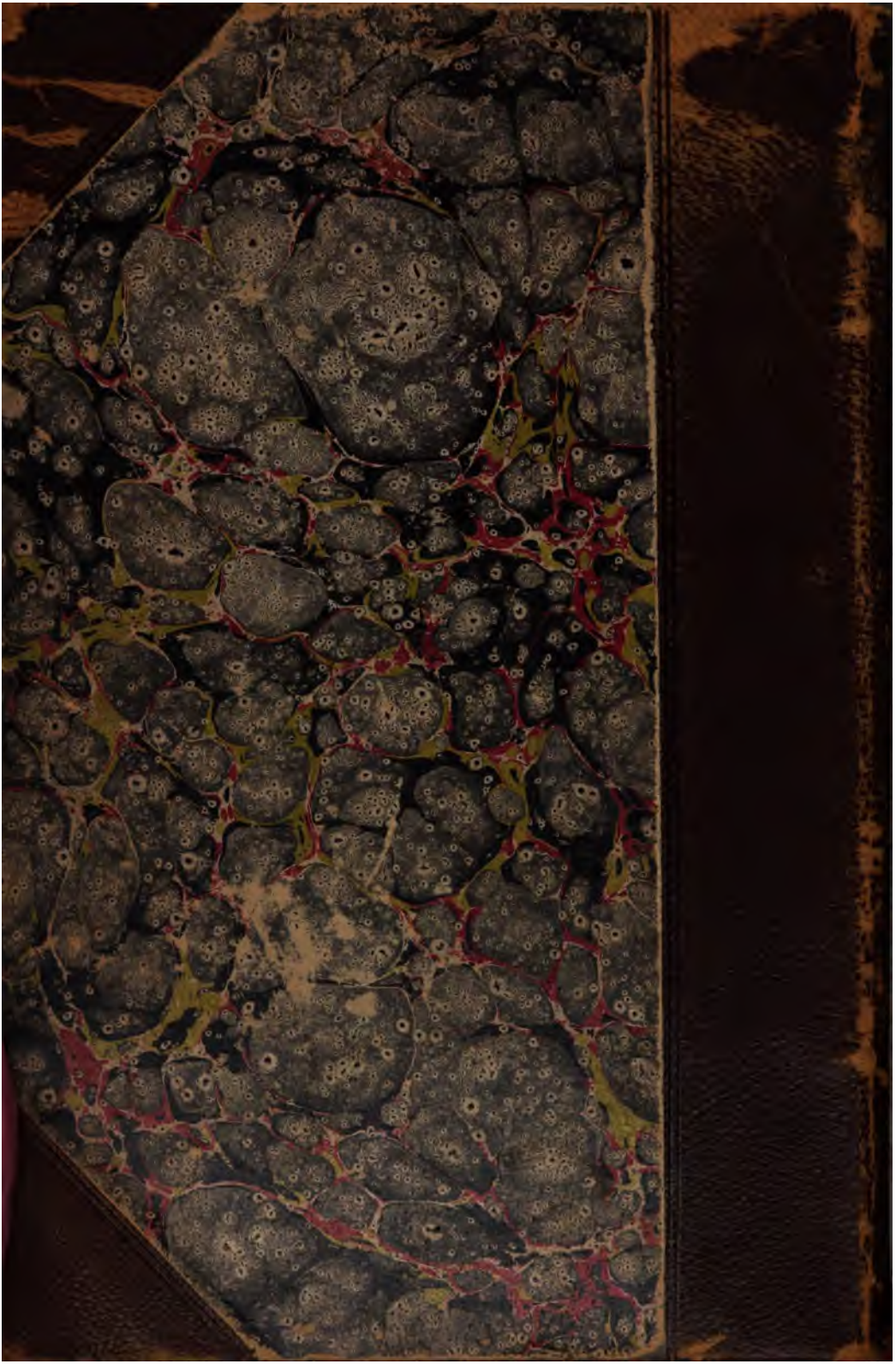
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